

FIGHT BALL



FOR
MATURE
READERS

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CANADA



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

#14

SAY! That's my
LUCKY NUMBER!

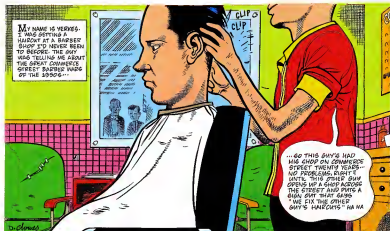


by Daniel Clowes



"MAN WONDERS OVER THE RESTLESS SEA,
THE FLOWING WATERS, THE SIGHT OF THE
SKY, AND FORGETS THAT OF ALL WONDERS
MAN HIMSELF IS THE MOST WONDERFUL"

THE GOLD MOMMY



I COULDN'T REALLY FOLLOW WHAT HE WAS SAYING. TWO MEN WERE WATCHING ME THROUGH THE WINDOW. I THOUGHT MAYBE THEY WERE COPS, THOUGH I HAD DONE NOTHING WRONG...



JUST THEN I REMEMBERED I DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY-- I FELT A SUDDEN FLUSH OF NAUSEOUS DREAD... I WAITED FOR A PAUSE IN HIS STORY...



I GOT UP AND EXPLAINED THAT I HAD MADE A MISTAKE AND WOULD PAY HIM LATE R-- HE COULD TELL THAT I WAS LYING, EVEN THOUGH I WASN'T. I COULDN'T BLAME HIM; MY MOVEMENTS HAD SEEMED REHEARSED AND UNNATURAL. HE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS GOING TO CRY.



I SUSPECT THAT WAS HIS POLICY FOR PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T PAY. THERE WAS A WHOLE CLOSET FULL OF SHOES IN THE BACK. I FIGURED WHAT THE HELL... I WAS WEARING HEAVY SOCKS AND, REALLY, I WAS IN NO POSITION TO ARGUE...



THE BARBER CONVEYED SUCH A PROFOUND SENSE OF DISAPPOINTMENT... I TRIED TO MAKE IT CLEAR BY MY GOLDEN COM-PLACENCY THAT I INTENDED TO RETURN AND CONTINUE THE HAIRCUT... THE CLOSET OF SHOES STRUCK ME AS UNBEARABLY SAD... I COULD HEAR THE TWO MEN OUTSIDE LAUGHING AS I TOOK OFF MY SOCKS...



THE MEN WATCHED ME LEAVE BUT DID NOT FOLLOW... I DECIDED TO WALK AROUND AND LOOK FOR A PLACE THAT WOULD CASH AN OUT-OF-STATE CHECK...



AFTER WALKING FOR SEVERAL MILES WITH NO LUCK, I REALIZED I WAS BACK IN MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD... WHERE I GREW UP... I HADN'T BEEN THERE FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS... IT WAS A QUIET RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD BACK THEN...



I WALKED SEEMINGLY AT RANDOM, WITH-OUT THINKING, AND EVENTUALLY WOUND UP AT A CHECK-CASHING PLACE, ONLY IT WAS CLOSED—I WONDERED HOW I KNEW TO COME HERE SINCE THIS PLACE CERTAINLY WASN'T THERE TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND THEN IT HIT ME—MY DAD'S OFFICE USED TO BE IN THAT BUILDING...



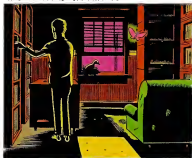
I FIGURED I'D GO IN AND HAVE A LOOK—NOT THAT I EXPECTED TO SEE ANYTHING SINCE THE OLD MAN HAD BEEN DEAD FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS...



BUT THERE IT WAS—YOU COULD STILL READ THE NAME ON THE DOOR... THE OLD MAN HAD BROUGHT ME THERE A FEW TIMES AS A KID, BUT I NEVER WENT INSIDE, I DON'T THINK...



THE DOOR WAS OPEN. IT LOOKED LIKE NOBODY HAD BEEN IN THERE SINCE MY DAD DIED. I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHY NO ONE HAD STOLEN ANYTHING, OR AT LEAST VANDALIZED THE PLACE... THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF BOOKS, ALL APPARENTLY WRITTEN IN LONGHAND BY MY FATHER, THOUGH IT WAS TOO DARK TO READ ANYTHING...



ON TOP WAS A POSTCARD MY PARENTS HAD ADDRESSED TO ME BUT NEVER SENT. IT WAS A PICTURE OF THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC WHICH, ACCORDING TO THE CARD, I REFERRED TO AS "THE GOLD MONKEY" WHEN I WAS LITTLE...



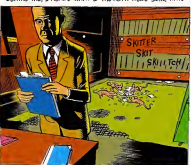
I GOT ONE WITH THE SCRAPBOOK, BUT THE OTHERS GOT AWAY... IT TURNED OUT THEY WEREN'T RATS. THEY LOOKED LIKE PIGLETS, OR HAIRLESS CHIMPANZES—ALMOST HUMAN—I COULD SEE MY NAME OVER AND OVER IN THE PAPERS THEY CHIPPED FOR THEIR NEST...



THERE WAS A PICTURE ON THE WALL OF MY DAD WITH A FAMILY I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE... I COULDN'T BELIEVE NOBODY HAD STOLEN THE FRAME. IT LOOKED LIKE GOLD SILVER... SITTING ON HIS DESK WAS A HALF-FINISHED SCRAPBOOK. THAT'S WHAT HE WAS WORKING ON WHEN HE DIED. I REMEMBER...



I'M STILL NOT EXACTLY SURE WHAT THE OLD MAN DID FOR A LIVING... I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A LAWYER OR AN ACCOUNTANT, SOMETHING LIKE THAT... THERE WERE NO CUES IN THAT OFFICE... WE ALWAYS HAD ENOUGH MONEY, ANYWAY... BEHIND ME, I HEARD WHAT I THOUGHT WERE SOME RATS...



IT BEGAN TO OCCUR TO ME THAT EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM HAD SOME DEEPLY PERSONAL MEANING TO ME—WHY WOULDN'T IT? AT THE SAME TIME, I BECAME AWARE THAT THE ENTIRE ROOM WAS INFESTED WITH BAGS... TINY, ALMOST INVISIBLE CENTIPEDES AND SILVERFISH... THAT SORT OF THING... NO WONDER NOBODY EVER CAME IN HERE...



I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE I WAS COMPLETELY COVERED WITH BUGS... ON MY WAY DOWN THE BACK STAIRS, IT DAMNED ON ME THAT MY OLD HOUSE--THE HOUSE I GROWN UP IN--USED TO BE ACROSS THE ALLEY FROM THIS PLACE...



THE HOUSE WAS GONE. THERE WAS A FAST-FOOD PLACE ON THE LOT NOW--I WONDERED WHERE THEY PUT ALL MY STUFF FROM WHEN I WAS A KID... THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER LOOKED VAGUELY FAMILIAR BUT I COULDN'T QUITE MAKE HER OUT FROM ACROSS THE ALLEY...



IT WAS MY SISTER. NOW WEIRD THAT SHE WOULD BE WORKING HERE. NOT TEN FEET FROM WHERE WE USED TO HANG OUR STOCKINGS ON CHRISTMAS EVE...

I FIGURED I'D BETTER ORDER SOMETHING SO HER BOSS WOULDN'T GET MAD IF HE SAW US TALKING...

I ASKED HER IF ANYONE WAS GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THE STUFF IN DAD'S OFFICE, AND IF SHE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT THOSE BOOGS...



I WONDERED IF SHE EVER THOUGHT ABOUT ME OR ABOUT US WHEN WE WERE KIDS... WHY SHOULD SHE, I GUESS? THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

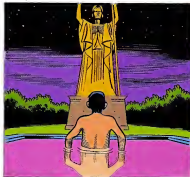
I LOOKED DOWN AT MY HAND--I HADN'T GOTTEN RID OF ALL THE BUGS... ALSO, I STILL HADN'T CASHED THAT CHECK. SO I COULDN'T PAY FOR MY DINNER. I FIGURED I SHOULD PROBABLY JUST SLIP OUT BEFORE SHE GOT IN TROUBLE...



FOR SOME REASON THE BUSES WERE RUNNING FOR FREE AFTER MIDNIGHT-- MAYBE THEY DIDN'T WANT PEOPLE DRIVING DRUNK ON MORNINGS-- ANYWAY, I DECIDED TO GO TAKE A LOOK AT THE STATUS OF THE RESERVE-- NOT FOR ANY PARTICULAR REASON, JUST SOMETHING TO DO...



THE ITCHING STOPPED IMMEDIATELY WHEN I GOT IN THE WATER. IT WAS ICE COLD ON TOP, BUT THE DEEPER YOU WENT, THE WARMER IT GOT...



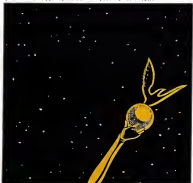
I STAYED UNDER AS LONG AS I COULD. I FELT THAT I WOULD EMERGE ANEW-- A DIFFERENT PERSON, UNCHANGING BY HISTORY...



BY THE TIME I GOT THERE, I WAS PRACTICALLY GOING CRAZY FROM THE BUGS-- IT FELT LIKE THEY WERE BREEDING AND MULTIPLYING UNDER MY SKIN...



ALL AT ONCE I FELT PURIFIED-- IT WAS A MOMENT OF SUPREMACY, CLEANLINESS-- A SECOND BAPTISM.



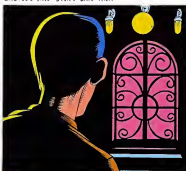
BUT WHEN I CAME UP, THE MOMENT HAD PASSED. THE WATER WAS STICKY AND POLLUTED, AND THE AIR SMELLED LIKE A SICKENING BLEND OF BURNING HAIR AND ORANGES...



I FELT REALLY STUPID... NOW I WAS SOAKING WET AND IT WAS GETTING COLDER... THERE WAS AN OLD CASTLE (OR SOMETHING) THAT WAS ALL LIT UP ABOUT HALF A MILE AWAY... I FIGURED MAYBE I COULD WALK UP THERE AND LOOK AROUND UNTIL I WAS DRIED OFF...



IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF MODERN REPLICA, BECAUSE I REALLY DIDN'T REMEMBER IT FROM WHEN I WAS A KID... KIDS ARE USUALLY INTERESTED IN CASTLES AND STUFF LIKE THAT...



INSIDE, IT WAS A-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS... A KIND OF PHONY EUROPEAN INDOOR MALL?



I THINK THERE WAS AN OPERA HOUSE OR A THEATER OR SOMETHING IN THE BUILDING... I GOT THE IDEA THAT A LOT OF THE PEOPLE WERE DRESSED UP AS CHARACTERS FROM THE SHOW THEY HAD JUST SEEN--



IT SEEMED LIKE EVERYONE THERE KNEW EACH OTHER... THERE WAS A SORT OF TANGIBLE UNITY THAT I WAS NOT PART OF...



I STARTED TO FEEL MORE AND MORE UNCOMFORTABLE... I WAS WISHING I HAD NEVER GONE IN THERE--



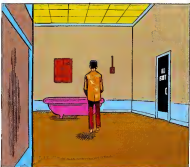
I WANTED TO GET OUT BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENED, BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF HOW TO DO IT WITHOUT ATTRACTING EVEN MORE ATTENTION...



I WAS WALKING AGAINST A TIDE OF PEOPLE. I FELT LIKE I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THERE, NO MATTER WHAT...



EVENTUALLY, THE CROWD THINNED OUT AND I WAS ALONE AT THE END OF A HALLWAY. I FELT LIKE THIS WAS MY CHANCE TO REST A MINUTE AND COLLECT MY THOUGHTS.



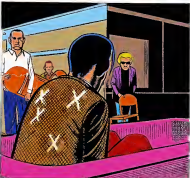
ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO WAS FOLLOWING ME WAS THERE... I STARTED TO FEEL LIKE I HAD BEEN SET-UP... LIKE I HAD NEVER HAD ANY FREE WILL ALL ALONG.



IN THE CROWD I SAW THE BARBER FROM EARLIER IN THE EVENING... I WAS HAPPY TO SEE SOMEONE FAMILIAR AND I WANTED TO HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME. I GUESS HE SEES A LOT OF CUSTOMERS EVERY DAY.



PRETTY SOON, THEY FOUND OUT WHERE I WAS... I COULDN'T DECIDE WHAT TO DO SO I JUST SAT THERE.



A GUY IN THE THIRD ROW SCREAMED TOGETHER A GUN, POINTED IT DIRECTLY AT MY HEAD, AND PULLED THE TRIGGER.



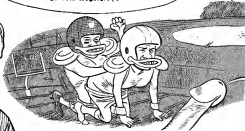
EVERYTHING WENT BLACK AND BEGAN SWIRLING. I FELT WHAT SEEMED LIKE A THOUSAND HOWLING, STICKY BODIES NOTHING AROUND ME IN A HUNDRED WAYS—ABOVE AND BELOW, IN EVERY DIRECTION, SWIRLING AND PUNCHING AGAINST MY SKIN.



LISTEN UP, GIRLS! THIS HERE IS COACH PATLAKI! I'VE BEEN ASKED TO TAKE A BREAK FROM TEACHING RE. TO A BUNCH OF FAIRIES IN 1974. IN ORDER THAT I SHOULD COME HERE AND TALK TO YOU PEOPLE ABOUT THE MEANING OF SPORTS IN OUR SOCIETY. MOST OF US TEND TO THINK OF SPORTS AS A PLEASANT DIVERSION—FUN AND GAMES... A WAY FOR JUNIOR TO "BUILD CHARACTER" AND LEARN "FAIR PLAY"...

On

THIS IS WRONG. THE SPORTING GREEN IS A FREUDIAN BATTLEGROUND ON WHICH PRIMITIVE PSYCHOSEXUAL CONFLICTS ARE PLAYED OUT USING A GADISTIC LEXICON, BOTH PHYSICAL AND VERBAL, OF SUBSUMED HOMOSEXUAL RAPE AND OEDIPAL HOSTILITY!



* See pg 5: "No Homosexuality In Sports: Strong or Gay?...ending...etc."

MORE THAN ANY OTHER SPECIES, WE HUMAN BEINGS ENJOY OUR SPORTS, MOSTLY OF THE SPECTATOR VARIETY SINCE WE TEND TO BE A SEDENTARY, VOYEURISTIC LOT...

UNBELIEVA-BULL!

FANTASTIC!

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GIVE SOME LIGHT ON WHY SO MANY PEOPLE (MEN MOSTLY) CARE SO MUCH ABOUT SOMETHING SO STUPID!

EVEN THE MOST NON-ANALYTICAL AMONG US WOULD BE HARD-PRESSED TO DENY THE PRESENCE OF A SEXUAL UNDERCURRENT IN SPORTS, ONE THAT IS PREDOMINANTLY MISOGYNISTIC. TO BE THE MALE FIGURE, THE PACKER, IS TO WIN; TO ASSUME THE "SUBMISSIVE" FEMALE ROLE, THE PACKEE, IS TO LOSE.



THE LANGUAGE OF FOOTBALL, FOR EXAMPLE, MAKES THIS VERY CLEAR. THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO ENTER YOUR OPPONENTS' 'END-ZONE' AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE EMPLOYING A VARIETY OF 'BACKS' AND 'ENDS' (INCLUDING THOSE THAT ARE 'SPILT' AND 'TIGHT') WHO ATTEMPT TO 'FIND THE HOLE' SO AS TO 'PENETRATE' AS 'DEEPLY' AS POSSIBLE INTO THEIR OPPONENTS' 'TERRITORY'!



SPORTS



GET THE PICTURE? FOOTBALL IS NOTHING MORE THAN A HOMOSEXUAL RITUAL (YOU NEED LOOK NO FURTHER THAN THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN CENTER AND QUARTERBACK) IN WHICH HUGGING AND ASS-FATTING ARE ENCOURAGED AND THE WINNER IS HE WHO CAN BUTT-FUCK HIS OPPONENT THE MOST TIMES. THIS GYMERGAL ACT IS NOT UNLIKE OTHER RITUALS OF MALE DOMINANCE SUCH AS PRISON RAPE AND WHAT IS REFERRED TO AS 'PRESENTING' IN REGARD TO THE ANIMAL KINGDOM (WHERE AN APE 'DEFECES' HIS BACKSIDE TO A MORE POWERFUL APE).



IF A PLAYER GOES OUTSIDE THE RULES, HE IS SIGNALED WITH A YELLOW CLOTH THROWN ON THE FIELD, PERHAPS SUGGESTING THAT HE IS MERELY MASTURBATING (THE CLOTH BEING AN 'IMPURE' RAG) RATHER THAN FUCKING...



PITY THE POOR FOOTBALL WIDOW, CAST ASIDE FOR THE LURE OF THIS SADISTIC ALL-MALE FANTASY!

BASEBALL IS MORE SUBTLE BUT NO LESS INTERESTING. THE BATTER EMERGES FROM THE 'DUGOUT' (A MODERN GLASS BOX FOR 'WAGINA') HOLDING FORTH HIS MIGHTY PHALLUS. THE FIELD AND ESPECIALLY THE ENCLOSED 'DIAMOND' HAVE A DECIDEDLY FEMININE QUALITY, AS DOES 'HOME PLATE' ('HOME' BEING A CLEAR MOTHER/WOMB SYMBOL). HE MUST THEN ATTEMPT TO INTERCEPT THE SHOWBOATISTIC RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN PITCHER AND CATCHER IN HIS DUTY TO MAKE IT BACK 'HOME'... IT'S A SICK GAME!



MAKE IT HURT!

BASEBALL IS OVERHEIN WITH SEXUALLY IMPLICIT PHRASES: TO 'HIT THE BALL IN THE HOLE' OR 'THE BAGES ARE LOADED' (I.E. 'LOADED' TESTICLES, POISED TO EMPTY), FOR EXAMPLE. AGAIN, THE PLAYER IS **FUCKING**, THOUGH NOT SO MUCH HIS OPPONENT AS THE FIELD (HIS MOTHER?) ITSELF...



AN OEDIPAL INTERPRETATION CAN BE APPLIED WITH SOME SUCCESS TO VIRTUALLY ALL SPORTS (THE FIELD IS THE MOTHER, THE DEFENDER WHO ATTEMPT TO PREVENT THE CHILD FROM 'SCORING' ARE THE FATHER, ETC.). THIS IS ESPECIALLY CLEAR IN **BASKETBALL**, WHERE THE GOAL IS ADORNED WITH A MATERNAL 'SKIRT'...



SOCCER IS SIMILAR TO SEVERAL OTHER SPORTS, BUT THE LOW EMPHASIS ON SCORING IN THIS MOSTLY NON-AMERICAN SPORT SUGGESTS A DIFFERENT TYPE OF MANLINESS -- THAT OF PROLONGED FOREPLAY (IN OPPOSITION TO THE AMERICAN PREFERENCE FOR FREQUENT 'SCORING').



GOLF, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS EXTREMELY MASTURBATORY AND OPEN TO MANY INTERPRETATIONS. MINE IS (AGAIN) PRIMARILY OEDIPAL: THE 'POLE' (OR 'FLAG') SYMBOLIZES THE FATHER'S PENIS WHICH MUST BE REPLACED IN THE HOLE BY THE SON'S BALL ('SEED') IN THE FEWEST NUMBER OF 'STROKES'...



IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY THESE **PENIS-ORIENTED** SPORTS ARE POPULAR WITH (PREDOMINANTLY MALE) ADULTS WHILE EQUALLY MEANINGLESS GAMES, LIKE CITY RING TOSS OR HORGECHAPES, ARE LAUGHED OFF AS SILLY AND IRRELEVANT. WE KNOW IT'S NOT BECAUSE OF THE INTRINSIC VALUE OF THOSE GAMES, BUT BECAUSE THE PLAYER IS **SYMBOLICALLY FEMINIZED**.



PARDON MY FRENCH, COACH PIRELAK, BUT YOU'RE BULLA SHIT! ...LOOK, **EVERYBODY** LIKES SPORTS -- ARE YOU SAYING **EVERYBODY** IS A FRUIT OR A PERVERTE? 100 MILLION SPORTS FANS CAN'T BE WRONG!

YOU'RE PROVING MY POINT FOR ME... WHY WOULD SO MANY PEOPLE WHO DON'T CARE ABOUT MATTERS THAT ACTUALLY AFFECT THEIR LIVES CARE ABOUT SOME-THING SO TRIVIAL? WHAT DO THEY GET OUT OF IT?



TAKE THIS KID... A NO-ACCOUNT PATHETIC 4-E LOSER BOREWORM... HE'S GOT EVERY REASON TO HATE SPORTS!

HEY CLOUSE!
WHAT DID YOU
DO LAST SUMMER?



SIR, I WATCHED BASEBALL ON TV, SIR!

AND DID YOU FEEL BAD WHEN YOUR TEAM LOST?

SIR, YES, SIR!

THEN YOU MUST HAVE HAD A SPOTTY SUMMER 'CAUSE THE '79 CUGS SUCKED!



SEE WHAT I MEAN? THIS IS YOUR TYPICAL FAN. HIS WHOLE LIFE IS BASED AROUND THE ACTIONS OF PEOPLE HE'LL NEVER MEET. HE MEMO- RIZES WAGGLE STATISTICS, DREAMS ABOUT TRADING THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN... ALL THAT CRAP...

371 AVG.
36 HR
75 RBI

STEVE SWAGER
FOR KID CAGWEN

16-19
3.54 ERA



AND THIS IS NOT JUST SOME ISOLATED FANATIC... THIS IS AN AVERAGE GUY! THIS IS YOU!



HOW DOES IT HAPPEN? HOW DO WE BECOME FANATIC? IT'S BASICALLY THE SAME AS GATHOUGEN! WE ARE INDOTRINATED AT AN EARLY AGE AND ONLY IN RARE CASES DO WE EVER REGAIN OUR REASON.



LOOKING AT IT LOGICALLY, EVEN ON THE MOST SUPERFICIAL LEVEL, BEING A SPORTS FAN MAKES VERY LITTLE SENSE. FIRST OF ALL, THE PLAYERS ON YOUR TEAM AREN'T EVEN FROM THE TOWN THEY REPRESENT. THEY ARE FREE-AGENT MERCENARIES WITH NO ALLEGIANCE TO YOUR CITY OR EVEN THE TEAM ITSELF!



AND DO YOU THINK THESE GUYS GIVE TWO THITS ABOUT THE FANS? OF COURSE NOT! THEY HATE YOU! BELIEVE ME, I'M A CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND TO SEVERAL PROFESSIONAL ATHLETES - IT STOPPED BEING FUN FOR THEM IN HIGH SCHOOL - IT'S A BUSINESS, AND THE FANS ARE NOTHING MORE THAN INTERCHANGEABLE SUCKERS!



AND WHY SHOULDN'T THEY HATE THE FANS? HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOU WERE A TRAINED ATHLETE WHO HAD WORKED AND SACRIFICED TO GET WHERE YOU WERE AND SOME FAT SOB WHO COULD BARELY MOVE TOLD YOU YOU SUCKED!

WHO TOLD YOU YOU COULD PISH, LOSER?

THINK OF THE PRESSURE ON THESE PEOPLE... NO WONDER EVERYBODY IN PROFESSIONAL ATHLETICS IS EITHER A COKE ADDICT, A DRUNK, OR A HARDCORE CHRISTIAN.

THE LORD PUT ME HERE TO GLORIFY HIM BY SACKING QUARTERBACKS!

THE PUBLIC PERSONA THESE 'SPORTS HEROES' PRESENT IS BLATANTLY CONTRIVED AND TRANSPARENT, RENDERED WITH A REHEARSED ZOMBIE/ROBOT/INSANE-LIKE DETACHMENT... A 'PUGNACIOUS SPIRITUALITY', IF YOU WILL...

I'VE GOT TO STICK TO THE GAME PLAN AND STAY WITHIN ANGLE AND DO THE THINGS THAT DAVE WICKERHAM CAN DO FOR THE GOOD OF THIS TEAM.

ANGLES IN THE THIRD PERSON

OF COURSE, TO GET TO THAT LEVEL YOU'VE GOT TO BE A SELF-OBSSESSED BOOMANAC... TED WILLIAMS USED TO GO OUT BY HIMSELF BEFORE BATTING PRACTICE EVERY DAY AND SHOUT THIS:

I AM TED FUCKING WILLIAMS, AND I AM THE GREATEST BALLPLAYER WHO EVER LIVED!

AND THAT WAS IN THE GOOD OL' DAYS. NOW IT'S EVEN WORSE... BUT ANYWAY, BACK TO THIS WHOLE SEX THING - DIDJA EVER NOTICE HOW MANY ATHLETES HAVE PORNOGRAPHIC NAMES?

THERE'S DICK BUTKIN, RANDY JOHNSON... DICK POLE... PETER LA COCK... THAT'S JUST OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD...

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN? I'M NO PSYCHIATRIST, BUT MAYBE THAT'S THE POINT. IF A LAYMAN CAN FIGURE OUT THAT FOOTBALL IS JUST RITUALIZED BUGGERY OR THAT BASEBALL IS A STYLIZED FORM OF OEDIPAL SEXUALITY, THEN WHAT'S THE MYSTERY?

I'M NOT SAYING IT'S WRONG TO LIKE SPORTS, JUST THAT IT'S KIND OF FRUITY AND PERVERTED.

OKAY LADIES, THAT'S IT! HIT THE SHOWERS!!

MOVE IT!



YOU'LL NEVER GUESS
WHERE I WAS TODAY...

GHOST WORLD

GUESS!



AT THE RENAISSANCE
FAIRE!



NO, EVEN
CREEPIER!

I
DUNNO.



I WENT TO
ADAM'S!

WHO'S
ADAM?



YOU KNOW...!
"ADAM'S II"!

OH MY
GOD! BY
YOURSELF?



NO! THAT'S THE COOLEST PART!
GUESS WHO I WENT WITH?

JOSH!

YES!

NO WAY...



I ABSOLUTELY
SWEAR TO
GOD!



I RAN INTO HIM AT THAT SHITTY
RECORD STORE WHERE THERE'S NO
PRIDE ON ANYTHING, AND THEN
WE WALKED AROUND FOR AWHILE
AND WE WERE STANDING ON THIS
TOTALLY RANDOM CORNER TALKING...

YOU MEAN
YOU WERE
TALKING!

...AND ALL OF
A SUDDEN I'M
LIKE "OH MY
GOD, THERE'S
ADAM'S!"



...BUT I HAVE
NO INTEREST IN
GOING THERE.

PLEASE JOSH... BECAUSE
AND I AM DYING TO
GO IN THERE BUT WE CAN'T
GET ANY BOMS TO TAKE US.
PLEASE--THINK OF IT
AS A SCIENCE EXPERIMENT.

ADAM'S II

ADULT BOOK
XX VIDEO



OVER 18



MILK

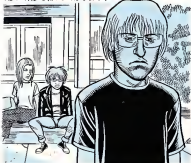




OKAY, SO HERE I AM... SWEET SIXTEEN AND NEVER BEEN KISSED AND DYING TO GET IT OVER WITH BUT ALL THE ELIGIBLE BACHELORS ARE LIKE TOTALLY SLEAZY CREEPS OR TOTAL DORKS...



ANYWAY, SO THERE'S THIS SENIOR NAMED ALLEN WEINSTEIN. HE WAS LIKE THIS INTENSE, MOODY HIPPIE WHO SMOKED A TON OF POT AND LISTENED TO REGGAE (WHICH WAS A DRAG) BUT THANK GOD NOT THE SKATER DEAD!



AFTER THAT PARTY WE'D GO OVER TO HIS HOUSE AND MAKE OUT EVERY DAY UNTIL 5 WHEN HIS MOM GOT HOME... SHE WAS LIKE THIS TOTALLY CREEPY SHRINK WHO REALLY FUCKED HIM UP... THAT'S WHY HE WAS INTO ALL THAT STUPID HIPPIE SHIT, I THINK -- BECAUSE HE HATED HIS RICH PARENTS...



HE WAS SUPER-RICH AND PRETTY FUNNY, AND ONE TIME AT THIS PARTY WE MADE OUT... I LIKED HIM BECAUSE HE ALWAYS SEEMED TOO BUSY FIGURING OUT HIS COUNTER-CULTURE PHILOSOPHY (WHICH, OF COURSE, WAS TOTAL BULLSHIT) TO WASTE TIME WITH GIRLS... Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



AFTER ABOUT 2 WEEKS WE HAD DONE EVERYTHING BUT FUCK... WE'D ALWAYS JUST SORT OF STOP... I KEPT EXPECTING HIM TO PROSECUTE ME BUT HE NEVER DID. I WAS READY TO TOTALLY KICK HIS ASS IF HE DID!



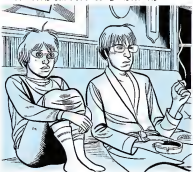
ANYWAY, I FIGURE NOW'S THE TIME... I MEAN, I WAS SIXTEEN AND EVERYTHING; THAT SEEMS TO BE THE AGE... BECKY AND I PLANNED IT ALL OUT--SHE WAS MORE INTO IT THAN I WAS!



THE TV WAS ON AND HE KNEW I WAS ON THE PILL... I NEVER SAID ANYTHING LIKE, 'YOU KNOW, 'DO ME!'' OR ANYTHING. IT'S LIKE WE JUST KEPT GOING. HE GOT TOTALLY SERIOUS LIKE HE WAS TRYING REALLY HARD TO PLEASE ME BUT I JUST WANTED IT TO BE OVER... IT DIDN'T REALLY HURT AND I DIDN'T BLEED OR ANYTHING...



AFTER IT WAS OVER, WE WATCHED STAR TREK II ON CABLE WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. AFTER THAT I LEFT... I SAID I WAS GOING TO CALL HIM WHEN I GOT HOME BUT OBVIOUSLY I NEVER DID...



THE BIG DAY WAS A THURSDAY... I MADE HIM DITCH SCHOOL AFTER LUNCH AND WE WENT TO HIS ROOM, AND MADE OUT FOR A LONG TIME... I ALMOST CHICKENED OUT BUT I KEPT THINKING THAT BECKY WOULD NEVER TRUST ME AGAIN. I THOUGHT ABOUT LYING ABOUT IT, BUT THEN I COULDN'T TELL HER WHEN I REALLY DID GET LAID...



I REMEMBER THE JEFFERSONS WAS ON DURING THE WHOLE THING AND I ALMOST CRACKED UP A FEW TIMES... I WAS TOTALLY AWARE OF EVERY LITTLE THING IN THE ROOM LIKE THAT, WHICH SEEMED WEIRD...



ONCE I GOT OUTSIDE I STARTED TO FEEL REALLY WEIRD. EVERYBODY WAS CHECKING ME OUT... I KEPT IMAGINING BECKY'S REACTION TO EVERYTHING, ESPECIALLY THE JEFFERSONS.



ANYWAY, AFTER THAT I TOTALLY AVOIDED ALLEN AND NEVER ONCE TALKED TO HIM UNTIL ONE DAY I FIND LIKE THIS **TEN PAGE LETTER** IN MY LOCKER SAYING HOW MUCH HE LOVES ME AND EVERYTHING... I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! IT TURNS OUT IT WAS, OF COURSE, HIS FIRST TIME TOO, EVEN THOUGH HE IMPLIED THAT HE WAS **SUPER EXPERIENCED!**



THE DEATH OF DAN PUSSEY

THIS IS YOUR LIFE, DAN PUSSEY! IT'S BEEN A CRAZY ROLLER-COASTER RIDE TO SUPERSTARDOM AND NOW IS THE TIME FOR REFLECTION, BEGINNING WITH THAT FATAL DAY WHEN DR. INFINITY FIRST PLUGGED YOU FROM THE OBLIVION OF PAINFUL ADOLESCENCE TO SPEARHEAD HIS BLOSSOMING TEAM OF YOUNG MYTHMAKERS!



FROM THERE, YOU WOULD WORK TIRELESSLY TO BECOME THE MOST DYNAMIC AMONG A STABLE OF EXPLOSIVE TALENTS; THRUSTING INFINITY COMICS INTO THE VANGUARD OF GRAPHIC STORYTELLING ALMOST OVERNIGHT!



NOT WILLING TO REST ON YOUR CONSIDERABLE LAURELS, YOU CONTINUED TO CHALLENGE YOURSELF (AND YOUR READERS) CREATING YOUR OWN CHARACTERS AND WRITING ORIGINAL SCRIPTS...



LOOK, I'VE ALREADY GOT THREE OFFERS TO DO A NABEATOR CD-ROM!



PUSSEY! THIS IS CONNIE FROM 'COMIC MARKETPLACE MONTHLY'. WE'RE STARTING A RUMOR THAT 'RETAUATION FORCE #10' IS IN SHORT SUPPLY. BACK US UP AND WE CAN UNLOAD A TON OF COPIES...







MAYBE YOU AREN'T UNDERSTANDING ME, GORDON. YOU GET THE **COMPLETE SIX-ISSUE RUN** OF THE NAUSEATOR MINI-SERIES **ENCASED IN LUCITE** AND SIGNED BY THE ARTIST DAN PUSSEY, FOR ONLY **\$59.98!**

TIME 2:47
SOLD: 12

17-247
NAUSEATOR
LUCITE SET

© COMICS
Signed by
DAN PUSSEY

\$59.98
S&H \$6.95

1-800-657-1100 **HSC**

TELL US ABOUT NAUSEATOR, DAN...

IT IS SIMPLY THE FINEST WORK I HAVE DONE IN THE COMICS FORM AND THESE SETS ARE SURE TO GO UP IN VALUE!

657-1100 **HSC**

LET'S TAKE A CALL FROM MIKE IN VIRGINIA...

HEY ALLAN, DO YOU GUYS HAVE ANY OF THOSE NAUSEATOR CARD SETS LEFT FROM YESTERDAY?

NOT A ONE, MIKE, BUT I'M GLAD YOU CALLED...

0-657-1100 **HSC**

WATCH THIS SHOW TOMORROW FOR A VERY SPECIAL NAUSEATOR ITEM!

OKAY, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO... IF YOU CALL NOW, THE NAUSEATOR LUCITE SET IS **HALF PRICE!**... THAT'S ONLY **\$29.98**, FOLKS!

TIME 1:03
SOLD: 15

17-247
NAUSEATOR
LUCITE SET

© COMICS
Signed by
DAN PUSSEY

\$29.98
S&H \$6.95

1-800-657-1100 **HSC**

2 WHEWS

THAT WAS TOTALLY IN YOUR FACE!

THE NAUSEATOR

1500 E. 60th St. NEW YORK

THINK OF THE COMICS FIELD AS A GREAT TAPESTRY, MR. PUSSEY...

A TAPESTRY WITH MANY WEAVERS.

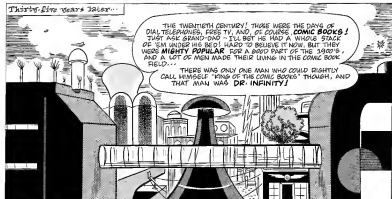
EACH MAN CAN WEAVE. GORDON EN- BROIDERED ONLY 50 LONG BEFORE HE MUST PASS ON THE NEEDLE... OVERS IS A TAPESTRY OF DREAMS, MY FRIEND... AND YOU HAVE WOVEN A MIGHTY SHARE, BUT DREAMS ARE THE PROVINCE OF THE YOUNG...

...SO THAT'S IT...
...IT'S ALL OVER?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! THERE WILL ALWAYS BE WORK AT INFINITY COMICS FOR A MAN WITH YOUR SKILLS... WE NEED A CONTINUITY EDITOR ON UNDERSEA ELF PATROL RIGHT NOW. IN FACT...

I'M GOING TO HANDLE YOUR CASE PERSONALLY, MR. PUSSEY... IN LIGHT OF THE HUMILIATION YOU SUFFERED DURING THIS MARRIAGE, I THINK WE'RE ENTITLED TO A LION'S SHARE OF HIS ASSETS.

CRUELTY
SHOWN
ATTORNEYS
AT LAW





GAB

...YOU TEND TO HAVE A LOW
OPINION OF YOURSELF (\$ BALL #13,
P. 23, PANEL 9)... IS ANYTHING
WRONG?

ED JENNER
WATKINSVILLE, GA.

...I JUST PICKED UP #13...WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE QUALITY THE PAGES
WERE DULL AND SPLINDY, CREASED
AND SMUDGED...WHO PRINTED THIS
SHIT? FANTAGRAPHICS LEADS EVERY-
ONE TO BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE A COM-
MUNION OF THE UNDERGROUND ARTIST. NOW
THE PRICE GOES UP AS THE QUALITY GOES
DOWN. HOW DISAPPOINTINGLY AMERICAN.
FROM NOW ON I THINK I'LL BE READ-
ING THEM IN THE STORE!

DUALEMBRO
S.F., CA.

YOU'VE GOT A COPY OF THE 1ST PRINTING
OF #13 WHICH WAS PRINTED, FREQUEN-
TLY, BY DAMNED, BURN-DAMAGED
PRESS JACKIES. THE HI-QUALITY 2ND
PRINTING IS NOW AVAILABLE AND IS THE
THING TO HAVE. 1ST PRINTINGS MAY BE
EXCHANGED FOR 2ND PRINTINGS BY SEN-
DING THEM TO FANTAGRAPHICS.

THIS ARRIVED WITHOUT EXPLANATION
DEAR "CRYSTAL FLUTE".
DO YOU STILL HAVE THE
"CRYSTAL FLUTE" ITEM?

M.W. BELLONS
FT. WORTH, TX.

...ABOUT BLUE ITALIAN SHIT...I'VE
HEARD PEOPLE SAY "SHIT" FOR "FUCK"
...MY FORMER CO-WORKER-PICTURE A
BITTER, MIDDLEAGED JOE SMARAGDIA-
USED TO MUTTER "SHIT BALLS" ABOUT
30 TIMES A DAY.

RICH FEINBERG
JAMAICA PLAIN, MA.

...BEING BAGGED CHARACTERS AS
MOUTHPIECES FOR YOUR COMICS OF
"SEN. X" WASN'T FUNNY. IT WAS WISE
OF YOU TO LEAVE THE CHARACTER COM-
BOY TO BAGGEE. WHO'S BETTER AT IT?

DAN WITTYG
COLUMBIA, MD.



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(25¢ per!) issue contains EVERY LILL
plum and represents your ONLY chance
to read over 200 pages of long-out-of-
print material! There will be NO paper-
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By VICTOR BANANA



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ord time. Now that, the tech-
nologically advantaged, can
hear what PULSE called
"brilliant" and
"brilliant" and
"brilliant"! All
new rhythmic
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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
7800 LAKE CITY WAY, N.E.
GRANTER, WASH. 98119

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

...DO YOU SELL ORIGINAL ARTWORK?

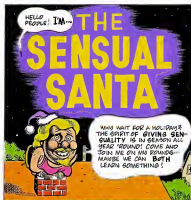
A. PLANT
SHILL, MI.

I AM OFTEN ASKED THIS QUESTION AND
THE ANSWER IS "YES, WHAT PAGES ARE YOU
INTERESTED IN?" TO WHICH THE REPLY IS
"WHAT PAGES DO YOU HAVE LEFT?" THIS HAS
LED ME TO PRODUCE A CHEAPY REPRODUCED
10-15¢ MAIL ORDER CATALOG OF AVAILABLE
ART FROM LL, \$ BALL & SUSHI. IT
HAS BEEN INTENTIONALLY OVER-PRICED AT
43¢ PER PAGE (SEND CASH IF POSSIBLE) TO
DISCOURAGE CURIOSITY-SEEKING. ORDER
CATALOG 40 EIGHTBALL (ADDRESS AT RIGHT)
NOT FANTAGRAPHICS.

...I LOVE YOUR WORK AS MUCH AS I
HATE MYSELF. I WANT TO TRAP YOU IN A
CABIN AND CRIPPLE YOU LIKE KATHY BATES
AND MAKE YOU DREAM DUFFY OVER AND
OVER FOR ME AND ONLY ME - OKAY?

MARGARET DND
LOS ANGELES, CA.

WRITE TO VSAT:
EIGHTBALL c/o D.CLOWES
2140 SHATTUCK AVE #2107
BERKELEY, CA. 94704 USA



1. Having a good time with each and every reader. - P. Clavess